Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - - MISSOURI.

STORY OF A DOG.

A friendless pup that heard the fife,
Sprang to the column thro' the clearing,
And forth to Switzerland and strife
Went grenadiering.

Much he endured and much he dared,
Thro' the long doomsday of the nations;
He wore a trooper's scars; he shared
A trooper's rations;

Warned pickets, seized the Austrian spies,
Bore the dispatches; thro' the forces
From fallen riders, prompt and wise,
Led back the horses;

Served round the tents, or in the van,
Quick-witted, tireless as a treadle:
"This private wins," said Marshal Lannes,
"Ribbon and medal!"

("Moustache, a brave French dog," it lay
Graven on silver, like a scholar's;
"Who lost a leg on Jena day,
But saved the colors.")

At Saragossa he was slain;
They buried him, and fired a volley.
End of Moustache. Nay! that were strain
Too melancholy.

His immortality was won,
His most of rapture came to bless him,
When, plumed and proud, Napoleon
Stooped to caress him.

His Emperor's hand upon his head!
How, since, shall lesser honors suit him?
Yet, ever, in that army's stead
Love will salute him.

And since not every cause enrolls
Such little, fond, sagacious henchmen,
Write this dog's moral on your scrolls,
Soldiers and Frenchmen!

As law is law, can be no waste
Of faithfulness, of worth and beauty:
Lord of all time the slave is placed
Who does his duty;

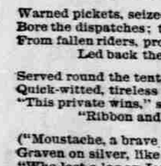
No virtue fades to thin romance,
But Heaven to use eternal molds it:
Mark! Some firm pillar of new France,
Moustache upholds it.

—*Louise Imogen Guiney, in N. Y. Independent.*

"BOBBLES."

A Half-Witted Boy Who Became a Hero.

[Written for this Paper.]



THE cannon-ball fast mail train, west-bound, slowed up at the little station, and two figures appeared on the rear platform of the last coach. One was Hamilton, the conductor, dubbed the "Duke" by the rolling-stock men, on account of his dignified carriage and over-bearing ways. The other was a hulking, over-grown boy, with a vacant, almost expressionless face, and light hair.

"Come, hurry up and pile off!" commanded the "Duke."

"Huh?" interrogated the other, stupidly, accelerating his movements not one whit.

Instead of repeating the command the conductor dealt the slow one an energetic kick in the rear that sent him tumbling off the steps, to land a blubbering heap, face downward, in the soft Kansas mud.

"Next time learn not to dead beat your way," remarked the "Duke," grimly, as the train moved on again.

No answer, except a subdued howl, came from the fallen one. A few moments later the train disappeared through the red clay cut.

"Ow, wow!" the fallen boy wailed in a low, complaining howl. He made no attempt to rise, but rolled slowly over in the mud, muttering and moaning to himself like a great baby.

"Hello, there, partner!" called the station agent, a jolly, care-for-naught looking young fellow.

"Huh?" answered the prostrate boy, blinking in owlish astonishment at the other.

"Come, jump up," called the agent, "you're all over mud."

"He kicked me!" moaned the lad, without making the slightest attempt to rise.

"So I saw; but he didn't break any bones. So, get up."

"He kicked me!" repeated the boy, mournfully.

"HE KICKED ME," REPEATED THE BOY.

"Well, what if he did? That don't force you to wallow in the mud like a hog. Jump up and stop your sniveling. Get up, or *I'll* kick you, too!"

The boy clumsily struggled to his feet.

"Are you hungry?" the station agent asked.

The boy's dull eyes brightened. "You bet!" he answered, promptly, wholly forgetting to mention again the fact that the conductor had kicked him.

He was soon seated at the table in the agent's private "den," partitioned off at one end of the little depot. "What is your name and where did you drop from?" asked Jack Holliday, the agent, as he regarded the other curiously.

The visitor paused long enough in the midst of the pleasing operation of satisfying the inner man to reply, mumblingly:

"Bobbles, and—he kicked me!"

Without replying to the latter part of the information, so complainingly given, Jack Holliday remarked:

"Bobbles! Well, that's a queer name, upon my word. Bobbles what?"

"Nuthin' 'cept Bobbles, the idiot," the boy answered slowly. "Least ways that's what the boys say when they call me any thing 'sides Bobbles. I don't like them boys, no how," he added. "They kick me, too!"

"You seem to be the unfortunate recipient of many kicks. Where did you come from?"

"Dunno," the boy answered slowly. "Most ten hundred thousan' miles. The boys chased me an' kicked me all the time an' I run away from 'em, so I did. Haint goin' back no more," he added, with a determined shake of his white head.

"Them boys was allus a kickin' me." More Jack could not learn from the boy. He did not know his name and could not remember where his home had been.

Lonesome, kind-hearted Jack Holliday allowed him to remain, and soon grew quite fond of the simple lad.

As Bobbles' shyness wore off he showed signs of greater mental as well as physical activity and assisted Jack in many ways. He soon learned to cook, and took great pride in being master of the culinary department.

Jack found out that at one time the boy had been able to read and write, and under Jack's constant tutorage, Bobbles presently regained that portion of his lost knowledge. The boy grew to regard Jack much in the same manner that a faithful dog regards his kind master. Often, for hours at a time, while the station agent attended to his duties or sat comfortably reading and smoking, the idiot boy would sit crouchingly on his stool and regard Jack with a grave, unwavering stare.

"Why do you look at me in that manner?" Jack asked one day.

"Dunno," Bobbles answered. "Sometimes it seems as if I was tryin' to think 'bout some body I can't just remmeber."

Then, as a thought seemed to strike him, he added:

"I'm a idiot, haint I, Jack?"

"No," answered the other, with careful consideration for the foolish one's feelings.

"Yes I be. Ever'body ust to say so. They was allus a-kickin' me fer bein' one. Do folks allus kick idiots? They can't help bein' that way, can they Jack?"

"Hush, Bobbles," answered Jack, soothingly.

"But I want to know," the boy persisted, with a pathetic pleading in his voice. "Why don't you kick me, too, Jack?"

"Why don't I? Because, Bobbles, you have enough of misfortune to bear without that."

Bobbles did not seem to understand, but he beamed upon Jack with a smile of positive beatitude.

"Jack," he said, "I like you."

The station was a lonely one and there was not a house in sight. Off to the opposite side of the great mound lay broad wheat fields, and just after harvest much of the grain was shipped from Jack's little station. At other times the business done there amounted to almost nothing, and the trains seldom stopped unless flagged. Every few days one of the mail clerks dropped off a little, square perfumed envelope as the train whizzed past. On the return trip the same clerk was always on the look-out to reach a friendly hand for the answering letter, addressed to a dear little maid in an Eastern village.

"Hoo! love letters!" grinned Bobbles. "I usto carry 'em for Miss Allie. She allus give me a dime for it. Had to be mighty sly, I tell ye. Jest as sure as them boys found I had a letter an' a dime they'd take the money from me, an' then kick me if I didn't hurry off to the post-office with the letter. Oh!" he added, with an inflection that was intended to convey volumes, "them was awful boys! They was allus a-kickin' me for sumpin," he said, plaintively.

In a little Eastern village dwelt the blue-eyed, flower-faced girl with whom Jack Holliday had been a playmate in the long ago time.

When young Jack left for the West—as many a brave-hearted fellow had done before—to seek his fortune, little Alice Hale had bade him a tearful farewell at the old, weather-beaten gate, in the shade of the drooping elm tree.

Just now as he wrote, Jack seemed to see again the sweet, tear-wet face, and to inhale once more the perfume of the odorous, blossom-ladened lilacs.

There had been no formal declaration of love, but each read the heart of the other, and Jack knew that little Alice would wait for him till fortune smiled upon him.

His meager salary, carefully saved, had been judiciously invested in land, and had accumulated the nucleus of a little fortune. At the base of the great round-topped mound, which was partly on his tract of land, a coal mine had been discovered. Already Eastern capitalists had made him an offer for it, and it was understood that, should he desire to part with it, the rail road company would take it off his hands at a goodly advance. Taking all things into consideration, he felt himself justified in writing to Alice and telling her his love in terms as strong as could be expressed by soulless pen and paper.

He smiled softly to himself as he wrote and pictured the sweet face of the recipient. Somehow the prairie breeze, that blew in at the red-cased window, seemed ladened with the perfume of lilacs. The "click-click" of the telegraph sounders seemed half-changed to the buzz of the bumble-bees that droned lazily around the fragrant old-fashioned flowers beneath that old, drooping elm. And, seeing his friend in a happy mood, the idiot boy laughed aloud, he knew not why. Bobbles made little progress after learning to read. Arithmetic was a sealed book to him, and geography was a deep, dark mystery. Patiently Jack labored to teach him telegraphy, but the task seemed a hopeless one. He learned readily enough, and apparently forgot just as speedily.

Bobbles would apparently memorize the dots and dashes that go to make up the Morse code. He would sound them correctly on the key, and immediately, to all appearance, forget all about the import of dots and dashes.

"I'm afraid you are a hopeless case," Jack said one day when almost ready to give up in despair.

"Reckon I am," returned Bobbles, grinning philosophically. "Old Joe usto say so. Said hopeless idiot 'stead of hopeless case. 'Spect he knowed, too, for he was awful old; most a million, I guess."

"Feel of my head," he said, suddenly bending his white-thatched pate for Jack's inspection.

"Feel that dent?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wan't allus a idiot. Old Joe said so. He knowed for he was worth most a million, *he* was."

Jack mused. There certainly was a "dent," as Bobbles called it, in his head. A blow of some kind had caused it probably. It seemed to him that a small piece of the skull was pressed down upon the brain. Maybe this was the cause of the lad's idiocy. If removed, or rather lifted by a physician, might not it restore the boy's lost intelligence? Jack had read of such cases and mentally resolved to have the experiment tried as soon as the coal mine "paid out," as the saying is.

The days passed into weeks and the weeks to a month; the month grew old, wanned and died. The next was fast slipping away into the past, and still no answer came to the tender letter that Jack had sent to little Alice Hale, like a bark freighted with a precious cargo of the heart's warmest love.

Jack's face constantly wore a worried appearance. The cannon-ball fast mail train daily rushed by the little station as of yore, but no little square envelopes were tossed off by the mail clerk.

Every day Jack's question of, "Any letter?" would be answered by a positive "Noap!" from Bobbles, who was always on the platform when the cannon-ball rushed by. Bobbles, the innocent, was always there to wave his hand in glad recognition of Engineer Billy Parker or Mike Walsh, the fireman, and to shake his fist at Hamilton, the conductor, whose kicking was still fresh in Bobbles' memory. Jack grew pale and thin and his jolly smile became a rarity. No letter. That meant, he sorrowfully concluded, that she had not been true to her half-spoken vow. And at the thought Jack sadly bent his head, and Bobbles, ever watchful, saw a tear drop from between the station agent's fingers as he covered his face with his hands.

"Hoo!" exclaimed the lad. "What you a-cryin' for?"

Then he added, as a thought seemed to strike him: "Somebody b'en a-kickin' you?"

"Yes," answered Jack slowly. "Somebody has kicked me very close to the heart."

Bobbles stared in owlish wonder. "Don't you think you're pretty big to cry about it?" he said presently.

Then they sat for a long time listening to the approach of the storm, that for two hours had been muttering off to the eastward. It had evidently been a tempest, a cyclone perhaps, off there; but now its power was somewhat spent. Still the lightning that accompanied it was often almost blinding in its intensity.

Presently the storm broke, and the thunder roared and crashed as is seldom heard any where but upon the Western plains. The air seemed surcharged with electricity, and often there were little points of electric fire dancing and snapping on the instruments. "Hoo!" cackled Bobbles, "most as good as Fourth of July." Then, while the storm was at its height, there came a hurried, nervous rattling of the sounder.

"Number 8 is calling us!" Jack cried, and sprang to the key. He answered the call, and a moment later the sounder began to click frantically. Jack grasped a pen and blank. He had but rapidly jotted down five words as the sounder clicked them off when there came a blinding flash of lightning, accompanied instantly by a deafening crash of thunder. The bolt seemed to have exploded in the room, and the flash momentarily blinded Bobbles. Without a sound Jack fell forward. One hand dropped across the sounder and hushed the clicking of the instrument. Bobbles sprang forward, and raising Jack half-dragged and half-carried him to the couch at the opposite side of the room.

As quick as liberated the sounder began again its frantic clicking. Like a flash the purport of the many lessons in telegraphy Jack had laboriously beaten into his silly head, and he had immediately forgotten, seemed to dawn upon Bobbles, and clearly he read the ticking of the instrument. "*Washed out*" were the last words of the hurried message. Then came the sound-signature of the operator at Station Number 8, ten miles to the east and just across Big Rock Creek.

With all the confidence of an experienced operator the boy placed his fingers on the key. On the blank before him lay the few words Jack had penned.

"*At all hazards hold Number*——" That was all. There the break had come.

Carefully the boy moved the little switch and slowly clicked off the words:

Struck by lightning. Go on four 'number.'"

He waited with bated breath. In a moment the answer began to tick, and he wrote it as it came. The complete message read:

"*At all hazards hold Number 3. Rock Creek bridge just washed out.*"

Number Three! That was the cannon-ball fast mail train! In the roar of the storm and the excitement of events Bobbles had not heard the approach of the train; but now, as he wheeled in his chair, the engine dashed past the door, and through the storm he saw the jolly face of Mike Walsh, the fireman. He rushed out upon the platform. Three-fourths of the train had dashed past as he reached the edge of the planks, and the steps of the last coach came even with him. All the strength of his muscles was taxed to the utmost as he leaped forward and clutched the rail with one hand.

The force of the train jerked him almost into a horizontal position, and it seemed as if his wrist would part with the enormous strain. He strove to grasp the rail with the other hand but failed.

Conductor Hamilton, who happened to be close to one of the rear windows, saw the apparently insane act of the boy, and rushed angrily out on the platform.

AND SLOWLY CLICKED OFF THE WORDS.

"Get off——" he roared.

"*For God's sake hold the train!*" the boy screamed in an agony of desperation. "*Rock Creek bridge is*——"

Then he was jerked from his hold and went whirling heels over head on the stone-balasted track.

It was but the work of an instant for the "Duke" to jerk the bell-cord. Soon, with a grinding, a diminishing roar and a hiss of the air brakes, the train came to a stop. Hamilton rushed back along the track—past Bobbles, who lay unconscious between the rails, and into the depot.

As his eyes fell upon the warning message penned on the blank his usually red face grew white.

Kind hands bore Bobbles into the little station, where he was laid beside Jack on the couch. When the cannon-ball left, backing westward, toward the division station, a little stack of silver and bills—a present from the grateful passengers—lay beside the still unconscious Bobbles.

Jack, still dazed and stupid, sat presently in the worn office-chair and stared in dull amazement at Bobbles, the money, and the telegram, begun in his own hand and finished in another. The puzzle was too much for his sorely-aching head, and he shook that member stupidly and gave up in despair.

A few days later, when Bobbles had recovered enough to be able to talk a little, and was lying on the couch, with a broad white cloth bound around his broken head, there came an interruption that sadly interfered with Jack's pastime of listening to the messages as they went clicking by. Instead of passing at the top of its speed as usual, the cannon-ball fast mail train, this time west-bound, stopped at the small platform for an instant. Then, as a dainty little figure descended and tripped into the depot, to be instantly clasped in Jack's arms, the train moved on again. Had any one been looking out of the depot he might have seen smiles of satisfaction on the faces of the grimy pair—Billy Parker and Mike Walsh—while the mail clerk grinned in a congratulatory manner, and even Hamilton deigned to smile benignly.

The little figure was Alice Hale. As her lover had not come to her, after writing in such terms of love, and receiving, as she supposed, her answer, she had come to the conclusion that he was ill, perhaps dying, and had come to him.

"But I never received the letter," he said, after the first "flurry" was over and they could talk rationally.

"Letter," piped Bobbles, raising his white-bound head. "I remember now. You didn't ask me that day if there was any letter for you an' I forgot it. It's back of the old bills in the middle pigeon-hole."

It was speedily rescued from its long concealment.

"Put it there so's I wouldn't lose it an' forgot," chirped Bobbles. "Bobbles, how—"

The girl sprang to the side of the boy.

"Why, you dear old Bobbles Carey, what are you doing here?" she cried. "The entire neighborhood gave you up for dead long ago. Your parents searched for you everywhere and then gave you up as the rest had done."

"I run away from the boys that was allus a-kickin' me," Bobbles explained, cheerfully.

"Many were the letters to you that Bobbles used to mail for me," Alice said.

"So this is the Miss Allie you spoke of," Jack remarked, turning to the lad.

"You bet!" Bobbles answered, emphatically. "She's good," he added, presently; "she never kicked me."

Hamilton, the conductor, lost one trip and wasted a good deal of time to inform the superintendent of the circumstances of the train-saving. A day later a physician, whose fame extended throughout several States, arrived at the little station, in company with a nurse, a motherly, middle-aged woman.

There were days of suffering for Bobbles, and a delicate and dangerous operation. Then science triumphed. The depressing fragment of skull was lifted from Bobbles' brain, and he was restored to perfect inteiligence.

Then later a white haired minister came to the little station, and the cannon-ball train made a stop of fifteen minutes' duration.

The superintendent was there, and he and Hamilton, Billy Parker, Mike Walsh, the mail clerk, a number of passengers and Bobbles were witnesses of the impressive ceremony that made Jack Holliday and Alice Hale man and wife. Then the superintendent placed a stranger in charge of the little depot, hudled Jack, Alice, Bobbles and the rest on to the train, and the wedding trip of the happy couple began.

The coal mine was afterwards sold to the railroad company for a goodly sum, and is making money for them. Jack occupies a good position in the employ of the railroad company and will be the superintendent before many more years roll over his head.

Bobbles is one of the family, and no one would ever suspect the brgiht, intellectual boy had ever been called an idiot. TOM P. MORGAN.

DEGENERATE FORMS.

Lack of Physical Development Among American Men.

For a couple of months I have gone twice each week to some Turkish bath, and have visited in this time all the best baths in New York. The experience has brought me to believe that Congress should pass a law compeling every man to wear tights, and providing boards of inspection to prevent padding. Nothing can be done for the race from an artistic standpoint till it really finds out how it looks, and nothing but extensive observation can accomplish that. In my tour among the Turkish baths of New York I have seen several thousand men adorned only by thin rubber key bands around their necks. I have seen not one well-formed man, and the only approach to it I discovered was an attendant whose frame was well knit, though not particularly graceful. All the strong men of good general development were bow-legged, and the straight-limbed men had no flesh on their bones. The broad-shouldered men were hollow-chested, and the men with good chests had no muscular development of legs or arms. Then there were the fat men, awful to look upon. It was depressing to see such people, and nothing but a full-length mirror saved me from the crime of the Pharisee.

It may be claimed that those who visit Turkish baths are mostly invalids, and that consequently the standard of physical excellence could not be high, but I do not believe that this is the case. In my opionion the majority of those whom I saw were there simply to enjoy the luxury of the bath and to obtain its aid in enduring the hot weather. Some of the fat men probably came for the purpose of reducing their flesh, but the percentage is small. The fact of the matter is that ninety-nine men out of one hundred are so ill-formed as to be absolutely a painful spectacle to any one who admires the human form divine. As to women I am an agnostic and a pessimist. Common sense would help them, but its coming is merely an utopian dream.

It is a mistake to suppose that an ordinary bathing costume shows a man as he is. It frequently makes him look worse; sometimes better, but never as he is. Ordinary clothing is worse, of course. I watched two men whom I had seen in the bath to observe how they would look in street dress. The result was as I expected. The straight and lean man, whose muscles seemed hardly capable of holding him together, appeared of elegant figure on the street, while the attendant I have spoken of looked clumsy, and his trousers couldn't be made to hang properly around his ankles, because he had a calf to his leg.

New York is probably no worse than the average city in this matter. Certainly there is a need of reform. What can be done? Nothing for the present generation, but a great deal for the next. If a child is intelligently watched from its earliest youth up, and taught the proper use of its limbs and muscles, much may be done to counteract hereditary tendencies.—*N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

YANKEE EARNESTNESS.

A Few Anecdotes of the Once Well-Known General Leach.

The old-fashioned Yankees, when they became interested in any thing, took off their coats, put their shoulders to the wheel, and pushed. General Leach, a large iron-founder of Easton, Mass., was one of this class. Becoming interested in a new religious society, which had separated itself from the old parish, he made it his business to see that on stormy Sundays the minister should have a congregation. He would harness his two horses to a large covered wagon, and himself drive it from house to house until it was filled with church-goers and then drive to the meeting-house. He did business in Boston, but the Thursday evening prayer-meeting always found him present, though he had to drive out to Easton, and change horses on the way. The next morning he drove back to the city and resumed his work. One Sunday, the agent of the Peace Society preached, and on Monday began a collecting tour through the town. His first call was made on General Leach.

"I was interested in your discourse," said the General; "how much do you think you ought to get in this town?"

"I hope I shall get at least fifty dollars," said the minister.

"Well, you ought to get that," answered the General. "But as our people have been pretty well taxed lately, and as your time is valuable, I might as well hand you the fifty dollars and let you go back to Boston."

Again and again the General's minister would receive a call from him on business.

"I have been prospered of late," he would say, "and here is a little money for the poor and sick of the town, which I wish you to distribute for me according to your own judgment."

The "little money" would be a roll of bills amounting to one or two hundred dollars. The General was very fond of singing. He hired a Boston music-teacher to drill the choir one evening a week, but he himself led them on Sundays, standing with his back to the congregation and marking the time with his hand. One Sunday while the choir was practicing during the intermission, one of the General's men came galloping up, his horse white with foam. Dismounting, he rushed into the gallery, and told the General that the flume of the great pond had given away and the flood was sweeping away bridges and doing immense damage.

"You can't stop it, can you?" calmly replied the General.

"Why, no!"

"Well, then, let it run; let us sing another tune."—*Youth's Companion.*

—The memory of a look from a woman is often enough a magnet to draw a man across a continent.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

THE LABORERS' FRIEND.

Democracy and Its Relations to the Producing Classes.

No one denies that the Democratic party from the first, always, without deviation, without variableness or shadow of turning, has been the working-man's party, and has been profoundly interested in the welfare of working-men. The interest that the Democratic party has taken in the welfare of working-men has not been spasmodic, fitful, variable, irregular, but steady, constant and conscientious. We challenge the record, every page luminous with the facts as we state them. It could not, in the nature of things, be otherwise. The great majority of the Democratic party has always been poor men, working-men, not millionaires, not aristocrats, not men who accumulated wealth by monopolistic methods, railroad wrecking, land grabbing, stock and bond gambling, land stealing, etc. Such things have distinguished the Republican party and in other days, the Whig party. Andrew Jackson saw the tendency of the times, when he laid his magisterial hand on the United States Bank and crushed a stupendous monopoly.

The Democratic idea is the equitable distribution of the wealth which labor creates. The Democratic party adopts the declaration that all wealth, all revenues are derived from labor, and this being true, labor should be fairly remunerated. The right of labor to organize to promote its welfare is not only conceded but advocated. Democrats believe that such organizations are prudential and in consonance with Democratic policy and good government.

The question arises, what are the prime objects of labor organization? A general reply would be the welfare of their members. But, to be more specific, many of the labor organizations are benevolent in character—they are a kind of life and health insurance associations. They issue and pay death, disability and sickness policies. In many of these organizations the most rigid examinations are practiced—only men of good sound moral character are initiated. The demand is that the members shall be sober and industrious, that they shall be skilled in their trade or calling, that they shall appreciate the weight and worth of their obligation and shall be in all regards good citizens.

Manifestly these labor organizations are profoundly interested in the matter of wages. They demand fair pay for a fair day's work. To this the Democratic party does not object—indeed it is and has been the battle cry of the Democratic party—nor is there anywhere on record a particle of evidence to the contrary. To assume that the Democratic party has at any time, anywhere, been opposed to fair pay, or fair, honest work, is a monstrous libel—known to be such by all men who are capable of discussing labor problems.

But it may be asked, who shall determine what is a fair day's work, and what is a fair price for a fair day's work? These have been the serious questions, the difficult questions, and in settling them many serious controversies have arisen—and it is useless to say they have been outside the domain of party politics—no political party ever sought to regulate the price of labor—and a moment's reflection is sufficient to dismiss the proposition. But there are instances where workingmen have fixed the prices for their work, they have selected their work, chosen the fields of labor, and then selected the prices for which they would perform certain services. Having the kind of work they perform and receiving the wages which they have determined as equitable, as also the time of payment, the question arises, if the employer accedes to these demands, and meets them promptly, what occasion is there for complaint? The Democratic party, if it was continually in session, would be unable to discover a grievance. It would seem that in such cases entire harmony should prevail between employer and employe, or to use a common phrase, between "capital and labor." It would seem that working-men themselves had determined what was their equitable share of the wealth they created, and having determined that most vital of all questions relating to labor it would seem that they had achieved a notable victory.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

AN EGREGIOUS BLUNDER.

General Rosecrans' Comments on the Position of the G. A. R.

General Rosecrans has been prominently identified with the Veterans' Union and was the spokesman of that association in carrying President Cleveland the assurance of its respect when the childish partisan conduct of certain Grand Army men made it necessary.

Because of this action the General and the organization which he represented have been denounced by the partisan gabblers who were sorely rebuked for their intemperate conduct, by this action. The charge is now made that the Veterans' Union is being used by Democrats for partisan purposes, and that it was organized in political antagonism with the Grand Army organization.

This charge General Rosecrans himself denies and in this connection shows that the Grand Army was not at first and was never intended to be a political organization. But that it has grown to be such an organization he admits, and deprecates the fact that the Republican politicians seem to have captured it.

The General further gives figures to show that the Grand Army would be to-day a much more powerful organization in point of numbers, and in fact in every respect, if it had not intermeddled with such unworthy political designs, and he draws the conclusion, and every soldier who has the good of the Grand Army organization at heart will agree with him that "it is a great mistake to play pranks in this way with so fine a foundation as the Grand Army had to start on."—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

——The attempt to prove an incurable case of Democratic dissension has failed.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

THE SAME OLD ISSUES.

The Sickening Taint of Rottenness Which Permeates the Republican Party.

Regard for the freedmen and the soldiers are two hobbies the Republicans ride with a persistency that is wearisome, and about the next move they will ride it entirely out of themselves. They see their support from these two quarters gradually dropping away from them, and why? Simply because the war and the issues growing out of it are settled, and whatever may have been their importance in their time they were distinctly of that time, are now a part of the history of the country, and can not be reacted amid the pressing demands of a new and advanced generation. The soldiers have won their victories, and they turn from their deeds of valor in war to the not less heroic conflicts of peace. The Republican party does not own them, and while a grateful nation delights to honor them and repay them so far as it can the loss of limb and health, it is wisdom to behold that this comes from no one party, and the promises of unlimited pensions made these valiant and loyal men, with a hope to win their political support, is an insult to their patriotism and unworthy any party. The granting of pensions has been on the most broad and liberal basis. There is not a disabled veteran or one unable comfortably to provide the means of sustenance, whose disabilities are properly the result of his service, in all this land who does not receive a pension or who could receive one on proper application. No one is willing to pluck a single leaf from the soldier's crown. He should receive and does receive all honor and all equitable provisions for comfort, but there is a point were his own good citizenship demands all this fuss about pensions to stop. This Nation will never see one of these deserving men suffer, and they know it or should know it, and in its desire to provide for the worthy, some undeserving pensioners are living on the bounty of the Government. But politicians see in the veteran army an "element" and they must bid for its support. The Iowa Republicans in their platform have thrown open the following plank, "This Government, saved from destruction and treason by the patriotism and valor of the Union soldiers, can not afford in justice or honor to deal less than justly with them. It should cordially and promptly bestow, as an obligation of the Government and not as a charity, liberal pensions to all disabled or dependent soldiers, and to the dependent widows and children of soldiers." This elastic word "liberal" stands in pale contrast to the demand for retrenchment and reform. But when we look upon all such as this as a political dodge, meant only to catch votes—a means resorted to over and over again with results so well known, we find no cause for wonder at the threatened party dissolution. There is no use for it, but it is sinking through its own weakness, and if it relies, as it has done, on questions long settled as a means of gaining support from a new generation, it will fail just as surely as those issues are of the past.—*Chicago Current (Ind.)*

FORAKER AND BLAINE.

The Ohio Man's Severe Arraignment of James G.'s Veracity.

Governor Foraker, in his speech before some of his Ohio constituents, was led, in his desire to make points against President Cleveland, into what was really a severe arraignment of Mr. Blaine's political veracity. In order to show that the Democratic President is responsible for a new outbreak of disloyal feeling in the South, which the Ohio Governor pictures as existing to-day, he allowed himself to draw a delightful sketch of the quiet loyalty that had grown up in the Southern States during the Republican Administrations at Washington. But on November 18, 1884, before the inauguration of President Cleveland, Mr. Blaine, smarting under his finally-acknowledged defeat, made a speech at Augusta, Me., outlining the future course of the Republican party, which amounted practically to fitting it out with a supply of new bloody shirts. To show the difference in the pictures of the South as it was in 1884 drawn by Foraker and Blaine, we bring some of their sentences together:

FORAKER.	BLAINE.
The war between the North and South had been ended twenty years when he became President. During that time the prejudice that had led to it had almost completely faded away, and both at the South and at the North it was difficult to find any trace of the bitterness that had been engendered by the great conflict. The people of the South had come to see and concede the error of their cause. On all sides, especially among the ex-soldiers of the Confederacy, there was a growing feeling of profound thankfulness that they had been beaten in battle, and that, as a consequence, slavery had been destroyed and they had been saved to be a part and to enjoy the blessings of the Union. The results of the war were, in short, coming to be everywhere recognized and accepted, and upon the basis of their acceptance the sections were becoming more securely bound together in union than they had ever been before.	Few persons in the North realize how completely the chiefs of the rebellion wield the political power which has triumphed in the late election. * * * It is a still more significant fact that in those States no man who was loyal to the Union, no matter how strong a Democrat he may be, has the slightest chance of political promotion.
It was believed that the day was not far distant when the South, recognizing the justice and equity that were involved, would, with a creditable pride in doing what was right, accord to even the most humble colored man the full enjoyment, at the ballot-box and otherwise, of all the rights guaranteed by the Constitution.	The colored population, almost to a man, desire to support the Republican party; but by a system of cruel intimidation, and by violence and murder, wherever violence and murder are thought necessary, they are absolutely deprived of all political power. * * * It [the question of political inequality] becomes the primal question of American manhood.

Whether Governor Foraker has forgotten all about the Augusta speech of Mr. Blaine, or whether his zeal as a Sherman man now leads him to hasten to point out the fallacies of his former chief, we shall not attempt to decide.—*N. Y. Post.*

——"A Mere Accident" is the title of a book just out. Bets are even as to whether or not it is the biography of Rutherford B. Hayes.—*Macon Telegraph.*